

SLUG

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

FEBRUARY 1992 ISSUE #38

FREE

Mormon Update
Records & Books
Concert Reviews
Calendars
Concert
and More

Salt Lake Indies...

Brad and Vicky Barker struggle
to get Salt Lake bands noticed —pg8

photo: Rick Egan

SPECIAL

COLLECTING

SLUG

ISSUE #38
FEBRUARY 1992

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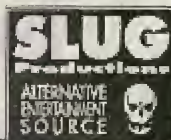
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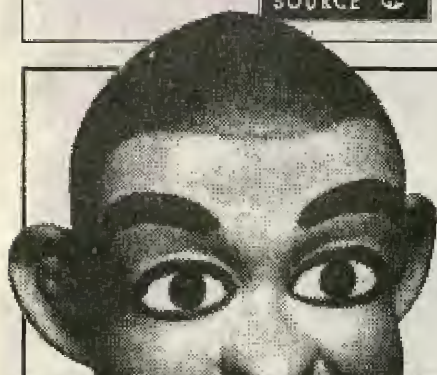
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DEAR DICK HEADS

Gentry,

Sorry you had to dirty your hands with the problems of us little people....You can get back on your pedestal now.

Xachary Michael Wallace
(in case anyone wondered)

Dear Dickheads,

I'm writing to express my gratitude, as your zine actually (finally?) pulled through for me. It was Sunday morning early, and I only wake up that early on Sunday for one reason if you know what I mean. Any way it was already after the fact when I realized we were out of sewer-clutter, if you know what I mean. Being the cool-head that I am, I didn't panic but instead carefully pulled my pants up and went to the kitchen cupboard. It was bare not so much as a paper plate. Shit! (Pun intended!) What to do? I stood for a minute scratching my balls contemplating... and then it came. There over in the corner enshrouded in an almost mystical light lay my salvation, an old copy of SLUG and for the first time since Raunch pulled its ad off the back cover, I was glad to see it. I had to laugh but it worked! The rest is, how you say in America-ca, history. I thought it pertinent I share this with you as you proved once and for all to have a shred of redeeming social value. Needless to say SLUG has earned a place in my home and I'll never leave Raunch without it just in case of emergency.

*With all due respect,
Recycling yours,
Uncle Shame X 9*

Ed. Note: Oh, Shame...Your punkness astounds me again. We will send you a Morrissey album and a nice basket of fruit .XOXO

Dearest Dickheads,

I was recently arrested and

charged with allegedly distributing L.S.D. I'm not admitting anything with this letter, nor am I advocating a straight-edge lifestyle. I've really only got one thing to say: if you're dealing, QUIT. If you're thinking about starting, DON'T. I am charged with very small amounts and am facing a minimum-mandatory 5 years in prison. I know alot of you people are thinking, "I'm smarter than that. They won't catch me." That's bullshit. I said the same thing and now I'm locked up. Please learn from my mistakes. Believe me, cops are smarter than you think.

I also wish you would all quit using too. I know that you're all laughing and saying, "Quit using, ha!" But the laws have changed. They can sell it to you and turn right around and slap the cuffs on you now. I know most of you won't listen to me but I wish you would. This ain't no picnic. Like I said, I'm not coping a straight-edge attitude. Drink, smoke, and fuck til you drop! That's great, but drugs are too dangerous. Narcs are every where. Shit a friend of mine narced me off. Believe it or not, I could have gotten worse. Just don't let it happen to you.

*Live fast /Die young
Jail Bird*

Dear Dickheads,

Heel January's issue was fun. If I had an ego problem in the past, it's now times nine. However, if you're gonna cop attitude in print, then prepare to deal with my chronic case of asshole-itis.

Oh Mary Jane, no one is eating my dick, but guess who is more than welcome to? I wasn't mistaken when it came to figuring folks would get pissed — the trendies always do when you knock that week's socially accepted norm. Yeah

great, let's sit fried on acid and sing about the government. I say flex your head and make some changes instead of bitching in between doses of hallucinogens. The legitimate hippy of yesteryear was punk as shit, attempting to revolutionize a pertinent social change that sadly failed. We picked up the proverbial torch and have let it slowly burn out by becoming entangled in our nostalgia. My beef is with the tie-dyed fool cruising Hastings for the 538th Jerry Garcia band release because it fits the stereotype. Got the image? Yepper. Got the idea? Nope. Fuck you very much for ripping my asshole. I loved the "what the hell's so wrong with so many punks hating hippies" sentence that contrasted with your letter's message. To answer your question, there's nothing wrong with punks hating hippies — the legit ones are dead.

Now for the fun...

Gentry, your hypocritical letter is going to be your undoing. "I don't want to walk all over anyone" then doing just what you said you wouldn't deserves a little bit of flack.

For starters, I had no idea that he was SLEJ. Yes, he is a good friend of mine, but the letter I wrote was under the impression it was to one of the dysfunctional dickwads that patronizes you and your kin. Boosting my ego is not my goal — deflating yours is.

I like how the True Till Death crew has come to realizing their true "art fag" selves, growing their hair to their asses, breaking out old Moby Grape LPs and figuring that what they do in two minutes can be dragged out to 25. I've seen your beloved Iceburn and (quite soberly, asshole) found myself in fear of you fucking guys ripping into a torrid live performance of "Tales From Topographic Oceans." Hero-worship from me? Nay, it was constructive criticism. You're better off having someone call the shots instead of calling

them yourself.

Do you really believe your letter was a valiant attempt to crush a bloated ego? Hey, my mom is back in New York and I don't need fucking surrogate running around here in Temple Land. I don't care who likes who and what-not. I have better things to do than try to cause conflict within a scene. Realize that the very word "scene" makes me cringe 'cause the bands get lost in the shuffle. You may be moved to write me letters, but the movement you

inspire in me is from my bowels. I'm the worst hybrid of your labels presented in that wonderful letter of yours -- an ASS BITER.

*Smooch smooch-
THINK ASS... THINK HOLE
THINK ASS... THINK HOLE*

Charlee Victory
P.S. Metal Maniacs rules. Lets rock!

*Ed. note. Charlee, Charlee,
Charlee, relax a little.
Think anal... Think fixation.*

ONE MORE TIME...
WE'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU

DICKHEADS AT SLUG
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THE LED BLIMP SAGA PART 7 BY: IGNORANT, IGNORANT, IGNORANT F-DUDE AND JACK SHIT IN



RECORD REVIEWS

**LYDIA LUNCH/
ROWLAND S. HOWARD**
Shotgun Wedding

LYDIA LUNCH
Queen of Siam
TRIPLE X RECORDS

Lunch has taken a break from her spoken word records and has gotten back into making music again. These two Triple X releases follow her second collaboration on the single *Don't Fear The Reaper* with Foetus front-man Clint Ruin.

Lunch and Howard's record is also a second collaboration for the two, long awaited after 1982's 4AD single *Some Velvet Morning*. *Shotgun Wedding* has that same raunchy, bluesy feel, like some twisted Southern adventure akin to *Deliverance*, but without Ned Beatty.

Starting off with the grinding wrench of *Burning Skulls*, the record takes the listeners on a dark chaotic "fucked-up trip" through the world of Lunch with soundtracking provided by ex-Birthday Partier/now These Immortal Souls, Howard. Adding plenty of noisy guitars and feedback, Howard provides the perfect mood to fit Lunch's angry, brash vocals.

The record has two excellent covers: *In My Time Of Dying*, which showed up on an early Led Zepelin record, and Alice Cooper's *Black Jujitsu*, a rhythmic song, with added text by Lunch, making it her own anthem.

Probably the strongest song on the album is *Cisco Sunset*, which starts out with crunching guitars and fades into the darkest blues imaginable. Lunch creates visuals with her sometimes spoken, sometimes sung lyrics. *I'm drinking fire water/With the devil's daughter/Goes down like liquid gold/Comes straight back up/Like slow dynamite*. Harsh and richly poetic, this record never ceases to captivate me.

Queen Of Siam is a solo Lunch

release, and finds her using many diverse vocal styles. Lunch has a childlike quality as she sings the opening *Mechanical Flattery* and moves on through whispery strains as well as more droning and the poppy sounds as she works through her own version of *Spooky*.

Queen Of Siam is more melodic than her past works and doesn't pack the punch usually associated with a Lydia Lunch record but is inviting all the same. Instead of slapping the listener in the face, this album is more subtle, but still powerful and great to listen to. This is just one more of the many facets of Lunch, the first real woman of rock.

—Matt.

MONKS OF DOOM
Meridian
Baltic Breath Productions

As promised during their recent tour, MONKS OF DOOM's latest effort, *Meridian*, is a breath of fresh air for our musically stagnant times.

Former Camper Van Beethoven members Chris Pederson, Victor Krummenacher, and Greg Lisher, along with former Ophelias frontman David Immerglück step far beyond their roots with this opus. While there is still an occasional "cuteness" to a song title or idea, the Monks employ a precision of technique idea, the Monks employ a precision of technique that is astonishing.

Combining psychedelia with jazz and classical guitar, M.O.D. excels with droning numbers like "Cherry Blossom Baptism" and "Turn It On Himself." Happily, the group has enough confidence in their musicianship to allow for the outstanding instrumental "Geode" and then follows up with Immerglück's mandolin virtuosity on "Argentine Dilemma." Indeed, if an aspect of the band's talent deserves to be stressed over the rest, it is in the power of Immerglück and Lisher's guitar mastery. The ex-

SEARCH



quisite strumming and plucking invokes a variety of mood and texture and on "Riverbed" is nearly reminiscent of King Crimson.

That's not to say all is great about the album. Like Camper Van Beethoven, the band occasionally overindulges in noise for noise's sake or goes on too long. That said, it's tough not to enjoy an effort such as "Going South," with precisely pronounced and accented Spanish blending with wonderful "south of the border" style melodies.

Unfortunately, recordings just don't cut it in capturing the power these guys produce in a concert. Still, if you're looking for an alternative to mindless grunge rock and cute bands from England, the mind altering music of MONKS OF DOOM might just suit you. Color me impressed.

—Scott Vice

SEARCH
Within 7"
Flatline Records

In my opinion, SEARCH was one of the more under-appreciated bands that Salt Lake had to offer. Not to be confused with the constant "straight-edge" label that was placed upon this group of talented musicians, these guys thrust out a sound that should appeal to all listeners of music with rage and energy. This is shown on their recently-released 7" just released on Flatline Records.

When first listening to the record, I thought of comparison to

PRONG and the BAD YODELERS, yet something fresh and new seemed to be incorporated in the two songs (plus a ditty of an instrumental). Excellent production brings out the tightness and upbeat fury of the guitars and cool effects work great on "Home-G's" vocals. Plus,

it's available in a rainbow of colored vinyl. Great!

Tough shit to all of you who missed out on their live performances. You'll just have to pick this record up, and beat on yourself while listening to it, drowning in your own regret of never getting the true experience for SEARCH.

—Ryan Workman

SHADES APART
Dude Danger
Sunspot Records

The first time I really heard this hard-core trio, was on their tour for their first album, when they shared the bill with VERBAL ASSAULT at The Word in August of '89. Since then, I've tried to hear more from these guys. All I have been able to find was their now over-played self-titled debut album. Then came *Danger Dude*, a six-song EP on Sunspot Records, a switch from the original Wishing Well label. Finally, something new.

Very tight musically, these three guys express feeling and imagery through strong, deep lyrics, and fair-paced tunes that have a on-stop flow. Guitarist/singer Mark shows great playing ability with cool riffs supporting melodic vocals, all fitting together perfectly.

My favorite tracks are "Dude Danger" and "Rut," because of the tightness, and overall uplifting essence produced in the songs. Check this one out, along with their debut LP...if you can find it. And, if their "rumored" tour stops in old Salt Lake for the night, Be There!

—Ryan Workman

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MOR MON UPDATE

MEDIA WARNING!!!

Brothers and Sisters, let's cut the compost. Even now, I can feel the lowly Horned One breathing down our necks by way of advertising. It doesn't take a General Authority to figure out that Satan does his work through MTV and other Communist owned corporations. That Cindy Crawford Pepsi commercial doesn't fool me, for one minute. Those young, naive, impressionable boys were not admiring the new Pepsi can. It was that scantily clothed sin vixen with the heaving chest.

That is just one example. We have the MTV ads advocating the use of condoms. I guess if I had the lack of morals that Madonna had, not only would I wear a condom, I would double coat my entire body with a healthy coat of Neosporin. As much as Madonna publicly gropes herself, I can't imagine where she would find the sexual energy to have need for a condom. MTV, give us back our children.

As I admired my youngest son Brigham watching Saturday morning cartoons, I couldn't believe what I saw advertised during a commercial break. It was an ad for a new product called BUMP & GRIND BARBIE. It comes with deep-throat Barbie, plastic whips and chains and several electrical devices (batteries not included). Sold separately are such items as Long-Dong Ken, a leather and barbed wire push-up bra, and the Sodom and Gomorrah sex hammock. Deseret Toys slapped a lawsuit on them so fast, it made their sick heads spin.

I, for one, am not going to sit back and let the Red Media pull my Iron Rod of God. It's time we become one mind, mine. Uncle Ezra has a few inspired from on high ideas for making advertising a more spiritual experience. The most promising is a little ditty I call spiritual back-masking. We put subliminal messages in commercials that make the mindless viewer or listener sick to his stomach every time he thinks about sex or sin in any form. I

have my boys at the "Y" working on it right now. I already have Channel 5 convinced that it's the right thing to do.

I have also proposed a new bill to our not-conservative-enough Congress. Any company using sex to sell their product will be promptly prosecuted as a child molester. Goodbye Bugle Boy Jeans. Goodbye beer companies. Goodbye Neosporin. The most brilliant part of this idea is the punishment. God told me this. We would like to put these malevolent and blatantly disrespectful law breakers on a new TV show we are developing. It's kind of a cross between American Gladiators and Cops. We call it The Real Running Man. There's nothing like a little public humiliation to scare the love of Jesus into people.

When will you see the big picture as I, your selfless leader, have? If we commercially discourage sex in any form, we do away with MTV, pornography, sexual deviance, and all else that is bad in this shameful world. Don't get me wrong, I don't want to do away with advertising. We saints pull in a pretty penny from it. I just believe that it's the God-fearing peoples turn to control the media.

As much as I'd like to, I can't control everyone's behavior 24 hours a day. I can barely control my wife and offspring. But with the help of you, my fellow Saints, we can step on a few sinners toes. Let's make Jello ads wholesome again. I remember when Jello was a dessert and not a sexual pleasuring device or something sleazy lady mud wrestlers fondled each other in. The Church can't buy out every company to make it more spiritually correct (yet). So we must bring Satanic corporations to their knees. All I ask is that you do your part in letting me do it for you. Until next month, watch KBYU.

—Uncle Ezra

FEATURE STORY

HUGE BERSERK REBEL WARTHOG

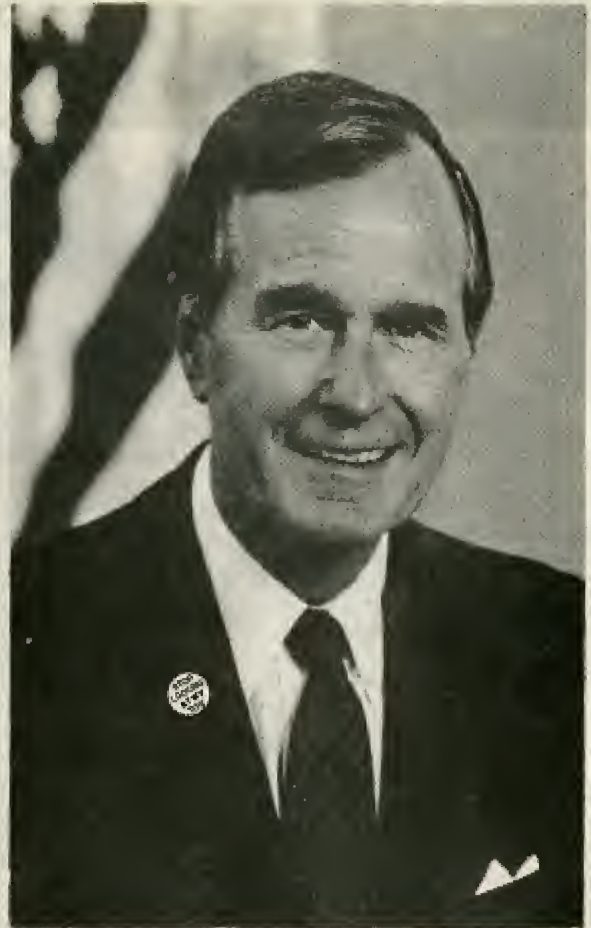
"Only the dead have seen the end of conflict."

George Bush's speechwriter

Our leader, George Herbert Walker Bush, recently gave his State of the Union Address, which was certainly worth a few laughs. In a sitcom atmosphere of a rehearsed advertising tone and an applause schedule, George displayed his imitation heart and spouted about his love of country, his love of the U.S. war machine and its exploits, his joy in the alleged United States victory over Soviet Communism, which has "justified" our absurd military buildup over the last four decades.

Using terms like "us" and "we" and "our" to desperately try to convince all of the American viewing public that his goals are the goals of us all, he merely reinforced the artificial nature of his concern. For example, on the economy, George felt a viable plan would be to enslave thousands of lower-class citizens into "jobs building roads, jobs building bridges, and jobs building railroads," obviously to profit and comfort the few rather than the needy. He hopes to "ease the burden of rearing a child" by "raising the personal exemption by \$500 per child per family." He goes on to say "this is a good start in the right direction and it's what we can afford." This is ridiculous coming out of this man's mouth in these words. Easing the burden of bearing a child might begin with the right not to bear a child. Then maybe instead of promising an exemption that is far, far, far less adequate to those with children, he might have promised to feed every child in

America. But no, his plan is "what we can afford." After all, there is still the military to support, the CIA, the FBI, the DEA, the Pentagon, the federal prison system, and the crime bill that is "tough on criminals and supportive of the police." While elusively dodging the health care issue with claims of a federal system that would work like a typical federal system (ineffectual and excruciatingly slow) and create an even broader immensity to the federal government that is, in Bush's words, "too big and spends too much." He moved onto the welfare issue, and again contradicts himself, saying that Americans are "the most generous people on earth," yet then later states that "when able-bodied people receive government assistance they have responsibilities to the taxpayer." This, of course, is not generosity that he is describing, but blackmail; the ultimatum being, become wage-dependent and/or specialize in one field of capitalist production through expensive and formal education to consequently become wage-dependent and in debt, or be unrecognized by the welfare bureaucracy which consequently results in wage-dependency, or homelessness, begging or starvation. But George feels it's important to "be a part of things" by taking out a mortgage on a home and settling into the habit of paying large debts and taxes, in a single permanent position so you're easy to find, and maybe he feels that this is therefore justified.



The overall effect of his address for me was macabre and surreal. A roomful of rich people applauding the praise of the relentless bombing of Iraq and the thousands of Iraqis killed because of it, which helped the rich Kuwaitis to have control again over the masses of Kuwaiti poor. Applauding the announced enslavement of thousands of human beings to promote a reconstructed medium of massive annual death rates (highways). Applause for low interest rates and capital gains tax cuts and investment incentives, but nothing even stated about feeding and housing starving homeless families and individuals. And maybe worst of all, the applause for claiming to have won the hallucinatory Cold War over "imperial communism" which somehow has justified all of the suffering of

the past 40 years, the proliferation of nuclear power, an absurdly large military and the further concentration of wealth. The evocation of scapegoats in ways that sound good and look good on paper, don't actually help people in real need. The relentless applause elicited a feeling of hopelessness within me, at the folly of what we face as a species.

Perhaps if television were a transceiving device or if George used his imagination, he would have seen a hungry, homeless little girl gazing through a store window at the rich men enthusiastically applauding the prime-time political circus we know as the State of the Union Address, and when Bush finished his speech, he would hear her say "but I'm still hungry." And that in itself would have been a sufficient democratic rebuttal.

COVER STORY SALT LAKE INDIES



Any musician knows that the ultimate goal of being in a band is to get your music onto a record, whether it be for glory, chicks, or to let the public know what is on your mind. Accomplishing this feat, to say the least, is quite difficult, despite the fact that we are living in a society where artistic value is of little importance to the general public. Because we are so far from the coasts, where most of the recording companies are, very few bands or talent ever make it in Salt Lake. The closest thing to anybody making it big from Salt Lake is The Osmonds and The Jets. Besides a few individuals who have made it into other bands, very few alternative bands from Salt Lake have received any attention from the outside world.

Athens, Georgia created quite a stir about ten years ago with acts like B-52's, R.E.M., and a plethora of others. Later, Seattle brought in the grunge scene and produced several bands, but only a few, including Nirvana, Soundgarden and some others have left a serious mark. This kind of energy has never really existed in Salt Lake and so too often most good bands come and go, never having enough success to keep up the momentum and secure a recording contract. This leaves bands to record, produce, fund,

and distribute their musical creations on their own.

A year ago Brad and Vicky Barker, along with a few other partners who are no longer with them, started Flatline Records with a minimal amount of money to spread over a vast amount of talent. With the help of Brad Collins, owner of Raunch Records, Brad Barker released his first 7" record with his own band, VICTIMS WILLING. The record sold well on a national level and Brad learned enough about the music industry to expand and try some other bands. His first effort was another 7" by locals BRAINSTORM, a band composed of the members of INSIGHT, BETTER WAY, and a few other local musicians. The production took several months, but with the help of several people the record finally made it. Unfortunately, by the time the record had come out, BRAINSTORM was no longer together. However, locally, people knew enough about the band that it sold well.

Once the BRAINSTORM project was done and out, Brad and Vicky moved on to THE STENCH Four Before, 4 songs early songs written before the Crazy Moon album. Because of The Stench's constant touring and two previous albums, this

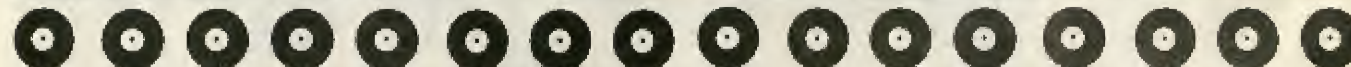
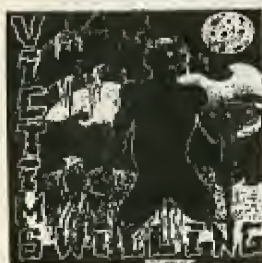
record did much better nationally. By this time, Flatline Records had become a familiar name to distributors all over the U.S. and Europe. When SEARCH, Flatline's 3rd release, came out people knew the name meant something and the record has virtually sold on its own.

Flatline's insistence on quality recordings and top rate production has given them credibility and respect. Surprisingly, only about ten percent of the records they press are sold locally, while the rest go out to about twenty national distributors or are sold through regular ads in *Maximum Rock & Roll*. Brad says that the number of people who order through the mail is increasing every month and the sales by far outweigh the cost of running the ad. It is amazing how willing people across the U.S. and throughout the world people are to purchase independent records.

As far as I am concerned, almost all good music that is released bears the name of an independent recording company. By the time most alternative bands get their music onto a major label they have kissed so many asses that the music becomes bland and mediocre. Very few bands can maintain their integrity and still play with the big boys.

After a year of pressing and working, Brad and Vicky almost have the business running on its own, financially. When I asked Brad what his ultimate dream for the company was, I half-expected to hear stories about flashy cars and a bitchin' pad. Instead, he said he would just like to have enough money to release the music when it becomes available. Brad wants to deal only with independent stores, independent record labels, and alternative bands. In short, he wants his company to support the scene, instead of the multinational corporations. One thing has become clear to me and that is ... making money in Salt Lake's alternative market is difficult if not impossible; it takes time, work, and a hell of a lot help from the people around you. When Brad makes a deal with a band, there are no fancy contracts and no unkept promises. The band gets a portion of the product and ALL other funds go back into the business to get more bands on vinyl. This has worked so far, the bands working with Flatline trust Brad and the momentum is building.

Who knows? SUB POP started as a cassette-only business and in a few short years they became one of the most influential independent labels on the market. If Brad and Vicky can keep at this pace, they could easily begin tapping further into the vast amount of talent in this Valley. On the horizon, Flatline will be releasing REALITY and WATERFRONT and have future plans for ICEBURN, HAIRFARM



and others. Keep your eyes open; the first two Flatline 7" are out of print and supplies are limited, and trust me, these records are good and they can only increase in value with scarcity.

Besides Flatline, the biggest local independent was Running Records. Set up by Terrance and Geoff of The Stench as a way to release their own albums, the two hooked up with Cane Boychuck, who was then distributing with Cargo records. However, Cane turned out to be a questionable investment for Running Records when he allegedly allowed The Stench's albums to die in distribution. Posters, media push and all the ads and publicity generated by the band were to no avail. As a result, two great albums by The Stench, *Crazy Moon* and *Saltair*, never received recognition and all the other stuff outside the band that Terrance wanted to release never got out. However, one good thing came out. When Terrance presented Cane with BAD YODELERS debut album *I Wonder*. This album reached several distributors, including Semaphore Records in Austria, and they liked enough to buy up the rights and press it themselves. They pressed it, European kids loved it, and the magazines raved about it.

On the other hand, despite this apparent success, Cane seemed to be the only one who profited financially from this deal. The BAD YODELERS now have a contract with Semaphore, so Running Records at least accomplished this before its demise. Running Records is no more but The Stench's third album was released by the Stench's newest member Pat Young, the album is doing well and should be available on compact disc this month.

Most of the other indies trying to release records are people primarily interested in releasing their own music. This includes Giving Ground, operated by Scott and Lara Bringard of Commonplace, who have released *The*

Chosen Ones on 7", and are now working on a full length CD and tape. However, like many they are just waiting for some way to fund their project. Aida House Records has released Colour Theory's 7" with plans for more, but nothing yet.

R. U. Dead seems to be the longest lasting indie in Salt Lake with an EP by HATEX9. Focusing on the hardcore/thrash genre, they have also released two 7"s since *Apprehension* and *Christmas in Kuwait*. R. U. Dead were one of the first indies to actually release music other than their own when they produced *Dead City By a Lake*, a cassette compilation of several bands. In the works is a second compilation, which will be a benefit for Native Americans involved in the Big Mountain Project. Travis Neilson has joined with R. U. Dead records for this project and will be helping them release their full-length album due early this year. R. U. Dead plans to release as much local music as possible, as soon as funds become available.

Siren Song records has just released IDAHO SYNDROME's *Schemes of Angels*, one of the first alternative full length CDs to come out of Salt Lake. Disappointingly, the Siren Song logo was left off the CD. Despite this turn of events, Matt Taylor plans to release a 10" by MARY THROWING STONES in the near future, and plans to produce both local and national bands as well, although he will steer clear of the punk genre.

These independent record companies require years to get rolling and if all else fails, some great music has already been released and bands have worked together to make good things happen in Salt Lake. Salt Lake has become a melting pot of musicians and luckily relatively little animosity is present here. With luck, these fledgling companies will keep up the great work and with some support Salt Lake could easily become a major source of talent in the music world.

—J.R. Ruppel



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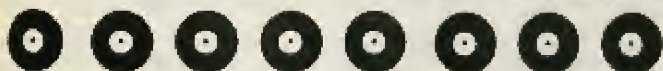
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BOOK REVIEWS



ANGRY WOMEN

ReSearch Publications

Angry Women is a brand new publication from ReSearch and brings the number of works published by the innovative company to thirteen. Chock full of all the important people and controversial subject matter that has brought ReSearch Publications to the forefront of interest and kept them on the edge of reading material, *Angry Women* is another great and vital work that should be an active part of your home library. The coffee table format is enticing, but the real potential of ReSearch books is in the interviews and the printed words as a whole.

Angry Women looks at the world from the point of view of a variety of female performers, writers and artists. These women each have a unique perspective and world view, which, if put into effect, could change the world into one of harmony and peace, eradicating many of the problems which now plague humankind such as: inequality between the sexes and races, famine, war and general contention that plagues individuals and whole groups of people. The approaches put forth range from guerrilla warfare to more subtle, long-term plans, but the outcome remains the same: unity and a cohesive world where all have equal chances to be the best humans they can be.

Working through a series of interviews with women such as Diamanda Galás, bell hooks, Annie Sprinkle, Lydia Lunch, Karen Finley, etc., these women speak candidly on how they find self-actualization and deal with their lives in a male dominated society. This

isn't a book for women by women, but rather a book for all people, regardless of race or sex, by women. *Angry Women* is insightful, full of humour, anger, passion and an energy and insight that seems to belong almost wholly to women. According to Lydia Lunch, "So much of the problem of the generation I speak for is: Fear of intimacy...not knowing how to love or be loved or nurture or encourage without controlling, manipulating, hurting, perverting." Karen Finley offers: "We treat Mother Earth in much the same way as we treat women. I think it's no coincidence that the day Bush started the War (January 15) is the same day he declared Pro-Life Day." These voices offer a totally different perspective on and approach to the world community. There is an underlying theme of self-healing that becomes the basis for a worldwide healing of humanity. In a world where there are so many "broken" people, there needs to be a revolution started to counter the destructive tendencies perpetuated on societies and peoples by men. Who better to lead this revolt than women, people who have taken the brunt of men's brutalities and indiscretions.

Angry Women evaluates and redefines the ethics of Judeo-

Christian society where man has "dominion" over woman, and has taken this to mean "control" instead of "partnership." These women rebel against male society and reinterpret it through their performances, art, music and written works. Art becomes a catharsis, away of dealing with and finding ways to counter the injustices perpetuated on them for centuries. The final outcome is a new-found strength and self-reliance, often brought about by the rejection of men as a whole or the reversal of roles as women come to dominate men.

The bottom line, for women as well as men, is summed up by Lydia Lunch: "That's the growth process: to understand your psychoses and neuroses by spending enough time by yourself...to know yourself, and love yourself." If every individual could come to that understanding, then these "angry" women, "angry" races, "angry" human beings, might find peace in this world. It sounds like so much moralizing, but when one carefully considers this, it is true.

Angry Women is available for \$22 postpaid from ReSearch, 20 Romolo #B, San Francisco, CA 94133.

—Matt Taylor.

HEWLIAN'S HAIRCUT

by Peter Milligan and
Jamie Hewlett

If the idea of a troubled young man cutting his hair with safety scissors, thereby endangering the universe offends you, you'd be advised to stay away from HEWLIAN'S HAIRCUT.

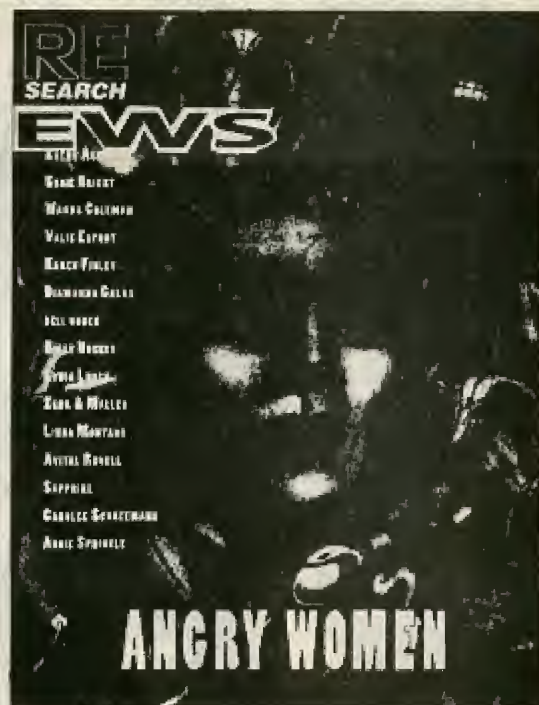
Originally serialized in the U.K.'s 2000 A.D. magazine, *Haircut* depicts the insane events that overtake one Hewlligan after the aforementioned gravity-defying coil-trim.

Walls that don't really exist, reality-warping broadcasts from cubist-dimensions, conjuring policemen, bad Andrew Lloyd-Webber productions, the giant stone heads of Easter Island, and a dimension-hopping lass named Scarlet O' Gasmeter are all encountered by Hewlligan during his reality-bending experiences.

All this is, of course, brought to fruition by writer Peter Milligan (the genius behind DC Comics' SHADE THE CHANGING MAN) and artist Jamie Hewlett (best-known for illustrating the adventures of TANK GIRL). What the short-comings of this reviewer's summarizing skills cannot do is reveal just how amusing and charming this little fairy tale really is. While the story can be read as a pleasant diversion, the underlying moral of the hopeless insanity of everyday living and the desire of the unthinking masses for conformity is espoused—a very noble intent indeed. And rarely has a comic book novel shown itself to be so enjoyable. All this is a tribute to Milligan's supremely devious mind and the imagery of Hewlett, who is surely one of the most talented comics artist alive.

But don't just take my word for it. Go out and buy yourself a copy at your local comics shop or demand that they order it. HEWLIAN'S HAIRCUT may not change this universe as the title cut does, but it will enliven humdrum existence.

—Scott Vice



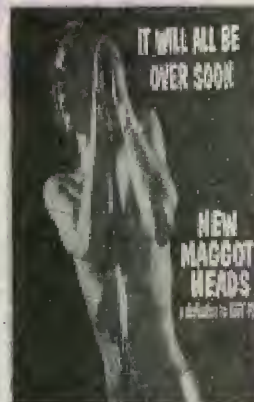
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COMIC REVIEWS



BLEEDING HEART

Peter Kuper is perhaps best-known for his humanistic cartoons in magazines like *WORLD WAR 3* ILLUSTRATED and *HEAVY METAL*. Thankfully, Fantagraphics is finally providing Kuper his own forum with *BLEEDING HEART*.

The first issue features some material previously published in the aforementioned magazines but it is deserving of reprinting. Whether tapping into his own subconscious ("Dreams of Reason"), exploring his own racism ("Color Blind"), or depicting a trip to Africa ("Gorillas"), Kuper shows a knack for Honesty and thoughtfulness.

Kuper's very stylized vision may put-off comics readers who are used to realistic but inflated art typical of super-hero comics, but the drawings are powerful and evocative. Kuper's humans are small, large, ugly, handsome—in other words, very realistic cartoons. The depictions work perfectly with Kuper's very deliberate and revealing ramblings.

But what sets Kuper apart from many cartoonists is his ability to find something interesting and important in normal events.

The highlight of the issue is the previously mentioned "Gorillas," a tale of Kuper and his wife's trip to Rwanda to see mountain gorillas close-up. The story focuses more on the Kupers' trials

in trying to reach their destination, almost more than on the breath-taking simians, though. The fact that Kuper makes details such as sickness on a train trip compelling is testament to his skill. Perhaps that's the point, though—civilization and its obstacles make viewing one of nature's great animals a pilgrimage.

Impatient and immature readers will probably sneer at Kuper and his sentiments, especially with the mock "Stormin' Norman" ad included. But, at least for now, it's nice to see an effort being made to expand the comic book genre. *BLEEDING HEART* should be recommended for bleeding hearts everywhere. (B&W, \$2.50)



CAGES

Dave McKean first appeared on the comics scene as illustrator for much-hyped writer Neil Gaiman's tales. Recently, though, McKean has moved on to his first solo project, *CAGES*, and what an effort it is.

Envisioned as a ten-issue limited series, *CAGES* follows the lives of people in a tenement building in a nameless city. These stories are interwoven into a solid work that calls into question all the great mysteries of life.

#4, the newest issue, features Mrs. Featherskill and her rambling narrative to her pet cackatoo as she waits for Bill to come home and looks for her ratatouille recipe. While a tragic story, McKean presents her misery so charmingly that the result is a pleasurable trip through one person's psyche. Most surprisingly, the issue ends with sort of a punchline that is nothing short of delightful.

Those who have seen McKean's previous work may be surprised at the depth and different techniques he employs. Fans of his painted work may at first be put-off by the more simplistic art, but the power of the more representational and bold drawings is astounding. In particular, the facial expressions are so vivid as to be breathtaking.

Even more incredible is McKean's writing, however, especially when one considers this is his first published narrative. The skill involved with the natural and realistic dialogue, combined with the difficulty in weaving together disparate tales is considerable and yet this is accomplished remarkably well.

It may appear this reviewer is gushing, but the excitement of finding a comic book that dares to go beyond mere puerile superheroics and concentrate on the normal struggles of life is understandable. If all of humanity is, in fact, in cages, then tales like these may help us explore our boundaries. (color/b&w, \$3.95)

BAKER STREET

What if Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson had been women? Further, what if these women lived in a modern England in which Victorian society still existed? And just suppose the setting for the ensuing mysteries is in the punk underground?

All these questions and more are answered by *BAKER STREET*. This preposterous sounding series is the product of creators Guy Davis and Gary Reed although Davis, however, has taken over the writing and art. Surprisingly, while the idea may sound ludicrous, the results are pleasing and engaging.

"Holmes" in this case is Sha-



ron (or "Harlequin"), a former police officer axed for drug use, now involved in the "scene." Playing Watson to her is Susan, an American student. Similarity, there are counterparts to other "Holmes" characters including Sharon's "Moriarty," Mordecai James.

But, all of this effort would be for naught if the parallels were not backed by solid stories. #9, the latest chapter in the "Children of the Night" storyline, features the discovery of the identity of a "Ripper" who is preying on males.

All of this material is lent a charm thanks to the skill of Davis. Like classical "Holmes" material, *BAKER STREET*'s mysteries aren't really "whodunnits," but rather present compelling puzzles, backed by solid characterizations. Frankly, it's about time the punk scene saw a compassionate representation in the mass media.

Best of all is Davis's art, though. His humans aren't all pretty, but they are human. In addition, Davis captures a Gothic feel very well with texture, shading, and foggy scenes. Little details, such as postulations on air travel and world politics help lend authenticity to the vision.

This may still sound ridiculous, but I'd advise picking up an issue or two before you scoff. You may just find that even some strange-sounding ideas have merit if presented properly. (b&w, \$2.50)

—Scott Vice

CONCERT REVIEWS



Pearl Jam @ DV8 photo by Ryan Workman

PEARL JAM

Club DV8

December 15, 1991

Upon my arrival at Club DV8, anticipating a sold-out show, I notice 10 people standing outside the entrance, thinking to myself, "shit! this one's going to be a sleeper." However, after freezing my ass off for an hour and a half longer, and fighting to keep my place in line, among the herds of other concert goers that continued to show up, I knew this show was going to be a doozy!

When 9:30 rolls around, I secure my place close to the stage. The place is packed—wall to wall

people! The energy level of the room never ceased to rise, especially when Seattle's soulful and spirited PEARL JAM hit the stage.

Vocalist Eddie Vedder started the show with the humorous antics of his day in Salt Lake, saying that it was okay if he made people feel nervous, because they were just as unnerving. With the aura of humor established, the band jumps into the power-rage of "Even Flow," sending the crowd into a pit of bodies going completely bonkers. Hits such as "Once" and "Alive" were radiated for the audience with just as much strength as on the album, yet performed with much more emotion.

Nothing stopped the band from

performing a great show. The songs were all crowd-pleasers and even the bouncers seemed calmer than normal, despite the chaotic energy that was present throughout the show.

The highlight of the show was during an extended version of "Porch," Eddie climbed along the upper balcony of the club and proceeded to dance among the crowd, taunting the crowd to catch him as he dove off a hanging t.v. monitor to the mob of people. With all the excitement going on, no one seemed to notice that lead-guitarist Mike McCready had broken his ankle, thus leading to the end of the show. But, no one seemed as though they felt cheated, because basically, the whole album had been covered. Besides, we heard new songs and a quote here and there from favorites ranging from the Ramones, Nirvana, to the old heart warmer "American Pie," all done walking on the thin line between tribute and parody, all accomplished with a smile. The finale was Eddie's end notes to the crowd, relating the words of Fugazi's "Suggestion," and wishing a farewell to the crowd. Obviously, one of my favorite shows of '91, and I know, by looking at the crowd...I wasn't alone in my judgement.

—Ryan Workman

ICEBURN - KNOWUN

LUNCHBOX

WHAT ABOUT MARY?

Bluebird Restaurant, Logan

January 18, 1992

I would have never guessed that Logan, frozen land to the north, could have held such a successful show as the combined ICEBURN, KNOWUN, LUNCHBOX, and WHAT ABOUT MARY? show on Saturday, January 18. The 77-year-old Bluebird Restaurant held the event, soundly accommodating the crowd of over 250. I am assuming it was the four-band mesh that drew such a large audience, but nonetheless, more people flocked to this show than to any KNOWUN has done alone and comes close to the attendance at the 7 SECONDS show.

WHAT ABOUT MARY?, al-



What About Mary?

photo by Robert DeBerry

though lacking experience and depth, seemed to give the crowd an appetite for more, like an opening band should do. The band obviously has talent, so a little work should see them continuing on in the music scene.

By far, the biggest crowd pleaser of the night, LUNCHBOX jammed for a not-long-enough ten songs, giving a taste of their uplifting and melodic yet rockin' originals. This Vernal-based band, now thriving in Logan, was the only band called for an encore and is sure to be doing more shows in the near future, so watch for them.

KNOWUN made a good showing. The lead singer, Rusty, being especially impressive with his charisma and stage activity. The band definitely had a large following at the show, and pleased them as well as the rest with their hard, alluring sound.

I had never heard ICEBURN until this show, but I had heard the words "great band" used concerning them many times and it is very true. This band was so tight and their knowledge of one another's musical style shows in every chord and every song. Gentry pleasingly punished guitar and vocals, and although the crowd was thinning out by the time they finished, their showing was well worth coming to the show.

—Pam

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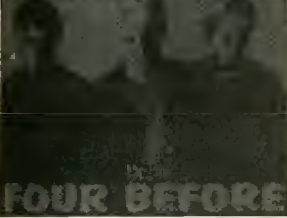


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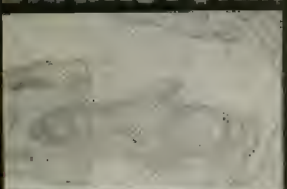
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MISCELLANEOUS BAD PRESS!

I just wanted to clear up the misinformation contained in a slanderous rant that appeared as part of the literature included in a recent counterfeit pressing of our Judge "Chung King Can Suck It" LP. The counterfeit was re-titled "Revelation Can Suck It," and was a 10" white vinyl pressing. There were numerous other differences between this pressing and the original, but it's obvious that the intentions of the individuals involved were not to produce a convincing copy, but rather to duplicate the recorded work, slander Revelation Records and make a profit. Because the record was sold in Salt Lake City, among other places, I thought your zine would be a platform for me to refute the false statements made before

they spread further.

Before I go into the specific lies that were put forward in the literature, I'll briefly describe the chain of events that led to the release of the original "Chung King" LP: Judge asked Revelation to put out an album for them and we agreed to. They recorded an album at Chung King recording studios in New York City, and we prepared to release it. After we got test copies of the album, the members of Judge decided that the recording was not good enough and that they didn't want to release it. The reasons that the recording wasn't good mostly involved the incompetence and negligence of the engineer and studio management. I don't know why Judge didn't realize that they

weren't happy with the recording until we were ready to start pressing, but that's the way it happened.

They decided to go to a different studio and record the album again. Realizing that this would take several months to complete, I suggested that we press the record as it was and then change it on later pressings, using the same covers and packaging. Judge disliked the recording so much that they didn't want to release it until it was recorded properly. They did, however, agree to put out 100 copies, and call it "Chung King Can Suck It."

These records would be sent to the people who ordered the Judge LP before it was released so that they wouldn't have to wait for the new recording. I should mention here that we had not advertised the record at that point, we had just mentioned that we were planning to release a Judge album. People ordered the album based on that so we sent them the "Chung King" LP and when "Bringing It Down" came out, we sent that as well. All the remaining copies were given to Judge or traded for GI Joes.

It appears that the individuals responsible for putting out the counterfeit believe that everyone has a right to a vinyl copy of this particular Judge recording, regardless of the wishes of the band. As I pointed out, anyone who wanted to hear that recording could have easily gotten a copy, so by putting out a counterfeit vinyl copy they are acting as a catalyst to the collector's market they decry. Do they really think that this record won't soon become the high priced item they were trying to fill the demand for? It seems to me that this release will only worsen the situation. If they really wanted to responsibly deal with the perceived problem of high demand for the record, they could have made their feeling known to the band. That way if the band was to allow it to be released, they could have decided on how and by whom it should be done.

They apparently think that Revelation is responsible for limiting the release of the record. As I pointed out, I have asked Judge

many times to release the recording, but they always decline. They also feel that we are responsible for the demand for the record because of "Chung King's" release. I would say that the demand would have been just as great if we had never done the record. Copies of the tape were circulating before the record even came out. There is a problem when people want to hear a recording that a band does not want put out and I think that we dealt with it in the best way possible under the circumstances.

I consider the people involved in this release ignorant, dishonest and irresponsible. If they had a problem with Judge or Revelation they could have at least attempted to make some contact. Their actions are typical of idiots, their primary method of conflict resolution is blind attack. It was unfair to exploit Judge, to slander Revelation, and to make a profit. They claim that their main complaint was the limit on the number of "Chung King" records put out, something Judge is responsible for, yet they slandered Revelation for it. I guess it would have been hard to sell a Judge "Judge Can Suck It" LP. They continued to slander Revelation using false information and falsely claim that they are putting out the record for those who would have never gotten to hear it. They have knowingly stolen an artist's work and duplicated it along with ideas that have nothing to do with the artists and sold it for profit greater than the band is making on their legitimate release of the same material. I guess it's obvious what they can do.

—Jordan Cooper

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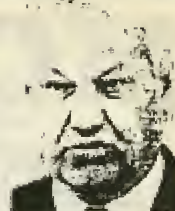


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16 SUNDAY Improv Comedy With SHOW YOUR TEETH and Acoustic Music	18 TUESDAY Speak No Ill	19 WEDNESDAY DEAD KATS	20 THURSDAY Idaho Syndrome 100 Croons	21 FRIDAY THE CHANGE w/ River & Lost	22 SATURDAY THE CHANGE w/ River & Lost
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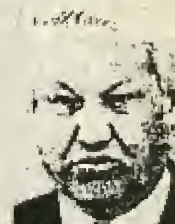
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WHAT?



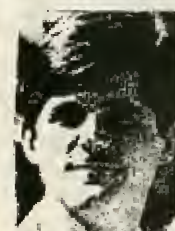
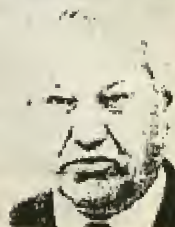
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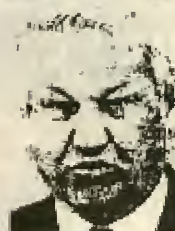
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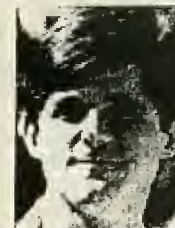
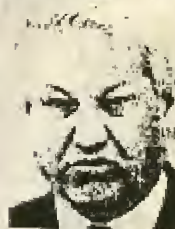
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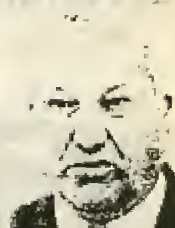
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Just an interview with one of the most down-to-earth bands ever
by Lara Jones

When I caught up with Toad the Wet Sprocket they were getting ready to play a show in balmy Miami and Glen, lead singer, mandolin and guitar player, wasn't exactly thrilled to hear about the lovely Utah weather he would soon be experiencing. Last time the band was in town they played one of the most memorable shows ever at the Bar & Grill. If you missed out you can catch the band this month at the Horticulture Building.

SLUG: What would you say is the most dramatic change between your last two album, *Bread & Circus* and *Pale*, and *Fear*.

Glen Phillips (lead singer/mandolin/guitar): I think more than anything it's the time we got to spend on it. It was about two-and-a-half months to record and mix. We had about two years since we recorded *Pale*. We recorded *Pale* before we released *Bread & Circus*. We'd finished both albums before we set up with Columbia then we rereleased them and started all over again.

SLUG: How do you like dealing with record companies? Is it something you'd rather not do?

Glen: I guess the good part of the music business is music, the bad part is business. It actually isn't that bad. They let us do what we want to do musically and I think we all kind of realize that the business part is a job. And as far as a job goes it's not that bad considering it enables us to do music.

SLUG: Putting it in the light of a job, what do you think about Toad's future? The band is relatively young. Will you be doing Toad the Wet Sprocket for the next 40 or 50 years?

Glen: Who knows, I think as far as we have a good time with it.

SLUG: The subject matter on your albums tends to pretty heavy: from "One Little Girl" to "Hold Her Down." Where did that song come from, "Hold Her Down"? How would you categorize it? People have been throwing around the anti-date rape name on it.

Glen: I don't even know if it's specifically about date rape. It started out just violence in general and from reactions of friends, and also just talking to friends, it became more and more

about rape than just violence in general. The song kind of changed. I don't know many women who haven't been raped...

SLUG: Really?

Glen: ... I don't know if anyone does. The statistic is something, about one in three, I guess.

SLUG: Does it set well with you that people are treating this as an awareness song, that this issue is being raised with people who hear it?

Glen: Well, it's weird. 'Cause it was written as a personal expression. It was not written as, as...

SLUG: It wasn't supposed to be the banner for the anti-date rape movement.

Glen: ... Yeah, we didn't intend to be spokespeople. It's weird 'cause you write a song about something personal to work it out, to get out that anger, and it becomes public. And as soon as it becomes public it becomes a message. That's the weird thing about art, it should be about something. But as soon as it becomes public all of a sudden you're preaching. So it's kind of uncomfortable. But at the same time I guess it's important.

SLUG: And a good cause at that.

Glen: Yeah, Jerry Garcia had a great quote about the whole rain forest thing that the Grateful Dead were doing. Something to the effect that somebody has to do something about the rain forest, it's just kind of a sick joke that it has to be the Grateful Dead. So it's good that the song is getting out there and hopefully it's affecting people.

SLUG: Let's talk about the rest of the album, there seems to be a lot of butterflies. What is your main source of inspiration? Is nature something for you or just the free spirit of butterflies, or is that taking it a bit too far?

Glen: I tend not to really question and think out imagery too much. Butterflies kind of came along and seemed right. They're beautiful, they're a big symbol of change and the last few years have been nothing if not full of change.

SLUG: How would you describe your experience having made three albums now. Has it made your life exciting or has it taken what music was to you and changed it?

Glen: Well, music has become a lot more important, but that started before *Bread & Circus*. I don't know, music is not - I love making it but it's also not the most important thing in my life. It's more an expression. It's important therapeutically, it's important to get up and sing, it's important to get up and write up songs. I guess in the last two years suddenly we weren't going to school anymore. When we did the first two albums we were in school. The band was a hobby. It was like a sideline of life and all of a sudden it became the focus.

SLUG: Is it hard to keep perspective, when it becomes that much...

Glen: It's not hard to keep perspective it's just that all of a sudden when the only thing in your life is the band you really have to start looking elsewhere for inspiration.

SLUG: And where else have you been looking these days?

Glen: Relationships. I fell in love so I actually wrote a few love songs.

SLUG: Now is that good or bad? Some musicians won't write songs that have the word love in it, because they think it's the tackiest thing they could do, so rock-n-roll cliché. Do you let that stop you?

Glen: It depends on if he was in love or not. Nothing's new in music. There's seven notes in a major scale, there's 12 notes total. It's a matter of what you do honestly. "I Will Not Take These Things for Granted" was just kind of a straight ahead love song for me and it felt great.

SLUG: How does the rest of the band figure into the writing process? Do you write most of the stuff or is it a democratic process?

Glen: I write all the lyrics and the music is about half from Todd (guitar), half from me. And then we kind of all kick it around. Once it's introduced to the band it's no longer anyone's personal property. I mean it makes it a Toad song.

SLUG: The thing that I've been hearing from people is that those who saw you a year ago and then see you today are just impressed in the growth, on every level, of the band. Is that something you or the rest of the band has noticed?

Glen: Well we've been working pretty hard, I think we've noticed it. It's weird, we got better as individual musicians and kind of re-examined the way we worked as a band. We've just been working, we've been playing a lot. Touring is one of those things, I'd say a year of touring is ten years of playing in town.

SLUG: Are you sick of that?

Glen: No, not sick of it. I like being home a lot.

SLUG: Where's home?

Glen: Santa Barbara.

SLUG: Is that where all the band is from?

Glen: Yeah, it's good, it's where friends are. I think we're kind of simple people, we're not much into the rock-n-roll ideal. But, playing for a different audience every night is wonderful. Being able to see the country, even if it's through a window, is a lot of fun.

SLUG: How has the album done in the rest of the country?

Glen: "Hold Her Down" has been a problem. Three or four stations tried it out and they all got a lot of complaints. **SLUG:** Why? Was it an issue people didn't want to deal with?

Glen: Or an issue people didn't understand, maybe they didn't get the song. It's hard though, I mean there's some satire. I think the chorus "they don't know her, but what the fuck, they've got nothing else to do," that, for me, is really satirical. The whole song used to be satirical. And I actually ended up getting a letter from a woman who thought that the song was basically saying that boys will be boys, and she loved Toad and couldn't see how we could write a song like that. I wrote her a long response saying the chorus is anything is kind of satirical, throwing up hands saying "I don't get it, I don't know why it happens." And I don't know, it's a hard subject. 'Cause it's not a pretty song there's no way to really handle it in a positive light.

SLUG: That's what I found interesting. It just seems that we keep coming back to this song because it's a song that demands you talk about it and listen to it. The music is so catchy and poppy and the subject matter, the lyrics, the clash of the two is exactly what the song is about. Was that anything calculated at all or is that too much analysis?

Glen: We work our music first and the lyrics tend to come afterward. I don't know if it's a conscious thing but a lot of the times the more depressing songs will actually have somewhat happier melodies.

Decide for yourself on February 13 when Toad plays the Horticulture Building with The Origin.

MISCELLANEOUS

DO NOT TRUST THE FEDERAL ONES

"What started as a legitimate effort by the townspeople of Salem to identify, capture and kill those who did Satan's bidding quickly deteriorated into a witch hunt."

Army Man Magazine

Ever since Reagan took office in 1981, bringing belligerent nationalism and patriarchal fascism and religious fundamentalism to a new dimension in the American political arena, the rich have gotten far richer, the poor have gotten substantially poorer (and more abundant), and the income of the so-called "middle class" has not been able to keep up with the cost of living.

And this is just the beginning.

In about a decade, the Supreme Court has been packed with reactionary conservatives including, most notably, Chief Justice William Rehnquist, who said, in 1985, that "[t]he wall of separation between church and state is a metaphor based on bad history. It should be frankly and explicitly abandoned." I wonder whose constitutional history he's interpreting — the one I'm familiar with maintains that, while Organized Religion is granted federal funding (parochialism) and tax exemptions, Judeo-Christian theology is not considered a sound or constitutional basis for congressional legislation, executive order or judicial decision.

Meanwhile, the boot-licking, Democratically controlled Congress has passed law after Draconian law supporting the Nazi — I mean Republican — policies of increased government control of our lives. For example, the 1991 Intelligence Authorization Act granted George "New World Order" Bush the power to conduct covert operations anywhere in the world without telling anybody. Things like "electronic surveillance," "surreptitious entry," "low-

visibility insurgency" and other "extreme prejudice" artifice used in the National Security Business were legalized, including the type of crimes committed in the Iran-Contra conspiracy. Then there's the National Drug Emergency Act, which prompted the building of concentration-style prison camps for people who are found possessing even miniscule amounts of marijuana. In fact, suspected drug users can be confined in these camps while they await trial. And most recently, along with the 7 day waiting period for handgun purchases, 51 additional crimes became punishable by the death penalty. This while the U.S. is the only industrialized, Western nation that even executes anybody at all. Inhuman vengeance in the guise of deterrence.

Yes, to reduce the crime rate, Bush has vowed that he will double the U.S. prison population within the next 10 years. The US prison population is already the highest, per capita, in the world. Does this sound like a rational, intelligent, "kinder, gentler" solution? Who will be the scapegoats to be persecuted by our monolithically counter-productive criminal-justice system?

War of Attrition

"Drugs are a menace, and if it was up to me, I'd have public hangings out in front of the courthouse."

Garfield Hammonds, Atlanta D.E.A.

An amazingly unsuccessful and profoundly damaging attempt to eradicate the use and presence of certain drugs, has resulted in innumerable

trappings of our constitutional rights. As David Ross points out, in *Pissing Away the American Dream*, the 4th Amendment "right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, shall not be violated..." but upon probable cause, and the 5th Amendment guarantee that "[n]o person... shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself," have been violated by the institution of random urine testing (RUT). Also, the statute that "[n]o conviction shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture of estate," has been reversed, allowing police powers to seize a suspected drug user's property and possessions without ever establishing the guilt of the defendant, often without even bringing criminal charges! This type of seizure, known as "in rem forfeiture" is also used to harass and silence "obscene" and "subversive" artists (such as Jock Sturges) as well as computer "hackers." In rem forfeiture, because it is a civil suit against property, not person, is not subject to "due process of law." Unless an attorney can be retained, seized property is automatically "guilty" until proven "innocent." And considering that, according to the American Bar Association, 80% of the American people can't afford a lawyer, these recent measures appear more as "war on the poor" rather than a "war on drugs."

In Central and South America, the Pentagon provides \$1.2 billion in military assistance (up from \$439 million in 1989) for what Bush had hoped would eliminate 50% of the cocaine supply to the U.S. The National Institute on Drug Abuse reports, however, that there are as many people using cocaine now, as there were 3 years ago. It's also

curious to note that 85% of the domestic "Drug War" budget is devoted to enforcing Marijuana Prohibition. It makes one wonder if the National Security Council and the boys at the Pentagon might possibly have ulterior motives for U.S. intervention in the internal politics of our Latin American neighbors...

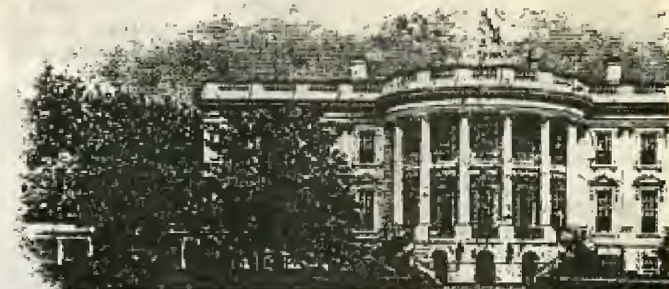
I'm reminded of the ominous saying "once you're in the CIA, you're in for life," everytime I reflect that our President once directed that most corrupt, unholy and unconstitutional covert cooperation, whose flagrant disregard for civil liberties and human rights is well documented, as with the exploits of former CIA official Ray "It's only an Amendment" Cline and former director "Mad" Bill Casey.

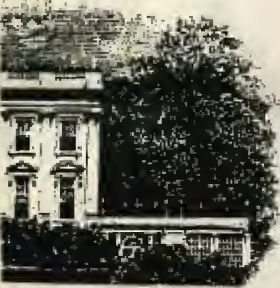
Fetus Worship

"For those who say I can't impose my morality on others, I say, 'just watch me.'"

Joseph Scheider, Executive Director, Pro-Life Action League

And now, a new criminal class is about to be created by the Reaganized, Bush-erated Supreme Court: women who demand that the law respect and protect their rights before the rights of accidental embryos. It is expected that *Roe vs. Wade* will be overturned (by a 6-3 vote) and abortion will, once again, be declared a crime. However, in the wake of the Clarence Thomas nomination and the spectacle of the Anita Hill hearings, feminists have been mobilizing and the "sleeping pro-choice majority" is waking up to the fact that, with William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall gone, the Su-





vine will of God" upon their reproductive freedom, under the guise of "family values" and "majority consensus." From this debacle of church/state-sponsored repression, I'm reminded of Mel Brooks' classic line, from *History of the World Pt 1*, "oy the agony, oy the shame; to make my privates public, for a game."

Active Intelligent Revolution (AIR)

Apathy is a luxury which can no longer be afforded. The bills are coming due and the government means to collect. First our network, and our ability to think for ourselves, then our bodies and souls. The Democrats have largely sold out, bowing to political and economic pressure and presenting little opposition (aside from advocating the obvious need for national socialized health care) and have been supporting the Reagan/Bush/Quayle Administration's attack on our civil liberties, scapegoating, to keep their jobs, in these troubled times.

Of course both parties will clamor for improving the economy that the Republicans have been fucking up for the past decade, just as empty rhetoric is spewed forth about solving the environmental crisis. Meanwhile, the future of freedom and dignity is being defended by the extreme left radicals; democratic liberals, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Libertarians, the Socialists, environmentalists, feminists, pro-choice activists, the euthanasia movement, the hemp movement, the progressive media and other anti-prohibitionists, who are standing up for equal rights and civil liberties that the current government has been bastardizing and subordinating in the name of "traditional values."

As Barbara Ehrenreich (feminist, secular humanist and author of *The Worst Years of Our Lives*) reminds us, "[d]issent is also a 'traditional value,' and, in a republic founded by revolution, a more deeply native one than smug-faced conservatism can ever be."

NEXT MONTH: THE FALL OF COMMUNISM, AND OTHER MYTHS

preme Court has been made into an enemy of the people.

Previous Supreme Court cases allowing states to ban nude dancing and sodomy, based on what then-Justice Rehnquist called "moral revulsion" and "societal standards," broke with earlier precedents establishing the right of the individual to choose the nature of her personal relations. More recently, the court's decision prohibiting federally funded hospitals and doctors from even mentioning abortion as a birth control option subverted the precedent set with the decision allowing forms of birth control (contraceptives), which established the right of the individual to engage in sexual intercourse without producing off-spring.

Most striking about the proposed ban on abortion, is it's sexist discrimination. At the moment of conception, a woman would automatically be subject to an anti-abortion law, while the man whose sperm is involved in the matter is only indirectly affected, for he can simply pay child-support (or move, periodically, from state to state) if he doesn't want the responsibility of parenthood. The woman, of course, would be legally obligated to pregnancy and then faced with the choice, after carrying her infant for 9 months, of adoption or child-rearing. And the fact that 80% of welfare recipients are single mothers doesn't make it any easier to accept that the world population will double in less than 40 years with the *current* birth rate.

Being a woman in male-dominated America of the 90's can be problematic enough, under economic inequality and institutionalized patriarchy, without religious politicians and holier-than-thou do-gooders imposing "the di-

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My how people seem to be reaching into their pocket to get at lint lately. Or, is it the lack of money? Just the other day somebody took my wallet and keys. Three days later, they call up and want to return them. I was overjoyed by their honesty, but it has been four days since that call and they haven't dropped by to give them back. Oh, how I would like to burn them with hot tar. It was some annoying ectomorph, probably trying to act tough. However, on a lighter note, I would like to introduce Delmontius Augmentus, our guest psychic for the month of February. He will be taking care of the fire and Earth signs while I will predict the air and water signs.

The Horoscope

from your congenial psychics

Nevis Invictus & Delmontius Augmentus

LEO: (July 23-Aug 22)

Oh my God, take a Valium! So your mom's going to reveal that she's a black, smoking, Jewish lesbian, so what? What about when your Grandpa Rabinowitz told you he was into flaming farm animals? Romance figures prominently in everyone's future but yours, what's your problem? Quoting Scriptures and feeling spiritual while fondling those kiwis maybe wasn't so good. Resist the urge to orate publicly, and beware those who know all the words to "Send in the Clowns."

VIRGO: (Aug 23-Sept 22)

Cut loose, baby! Borrow your Aries friend's loetid pudding and knock 'em dead at the bridge club. All of your Ladies' Home Journal fantasies are about to cash in, and the Millard Fillmore fan club you've dreamed about will soon arrive. You'll be right about an erotic vegetable dispute, and the loser will graciously accept your rhubarb. Speaking of pudding, whatever happened to the Mr. Peanut pageant winner?

LIBRA: (Sept 23-Oct 22)

Cover your right hand with any kind of ink and make hand prints on your wall. This should show friends and family that your decision to pinch people is not just an attempt to escape from problems with your face. If you have ever ridden a bicycle down a steep hill, and while reaching peak speed a small bug goes up your nose, you won't have to worry about that happening this month. Pay attention to romance.

SCORPIO: (Oct 23-Nov 21)

Did you know that cows give

off 15% of the methane released into the atmosphere? This could be a good line to pick up members of the opposite sex with or break the ice at parties. Just remember, it's the way you say the phrase, not what the phrase actually means. Be careful of unfriendly smog, eat donuts and pay attention to Love Boat re-runs. You will find that all of life's questions are answered there.

SAGITTARIUS: (Nov 22-Dec 21)

Things look so good for Candelmas, why ruin them with that geothermal resource dispute? A girl with cornflower hair who's picking her nose will bear tidings of discount hardware stores, and

Greg Louganis will want to snack on Triscuits in your attic. Ride the tiger, and you'll get eaten. Attend a liturgical dance service to gain higher awareness of macrame skills. Romance is kind of iffy, it's more of a gynecological thing, ya know?

CAPRICORN: (Dec 22-Jan 19)

You're going to get a fistula on your ass if you sit on that rock for

much longer. The Ice Cream man isn't coming back til '95, so you can forget about that post-modern post-mortem Vishnu art seminar in American Fork. Enter the Pogo Pit, and contemplate the naugahyde. Think of how many naugas died to create a tacky decor scheme. Remember to say your prayers to St. Crisco, your thighs aren't going to stay this toned forever.

AQUARIUS: (Jan 20-Feb 18)

It is your birthday and did you know that someone in a far away place is plugging their nose and speaking romantic phrases in German. This is no attempt to get your attention but if it did, call them as soon as you can and tell them, "because of your immune system I am parched for your kiss and want to use my nose as a puzzle piece." This phrase will guarantee romance. February will be the happiest month of the year. Green Volvo's abound.

PISCES: (Feb 19-March 20)

Oh great fish! To avoid destroyed shoes and pants, cover yourself with aluminum foil. Not only will you be bright in the sunlight but popularity will follow. Walking nude through the street might be embarrassing but, "what-ever tickles your fancy" has always been a good cliché to follow. If trouble

looks your way, start chanting about the number 7. Think about the square root of 49 and don't purchase anything until you have talked to a man named Bob.

ARIES: (March 21-April 19)

Nietzsche holds romantic significance for you this month, what with all that extra pudding from Solstice going bad in the larder.

Remember to beat the bajezus out of the ones you love. They'll hate you now, but later they still might too. Your twin uncles LaFrank and LaEarl will visit you from the Great Beyond, and a trip to Salina figures prominently, along with copious quantities of codfish.

TAURUS: (April 20-May 20)

No. What more need I say? He's going to turn you down flat, and your life as you know it is over. You can either kill yourself gracefully and have a lovely funeral or you can sit at home and plot a lengthy revenge. Pray to Lawrence Welk for deliverance, and who knows, maybe those polka lessons will pay off. All but three of your friends will be invited to a parcheesi game, but doing the marimba with your spanking new wringer promises wealth untold. If you sniff the flowers, they'll sniff you back.

GEMINI: (May 21-June 21)

Keep up the work on a specific hobby that doesn't include guns or motor oil. Play with fish. Sleep on the floor if a back problem arises due to the affair scene from "Prince Of Tides." Some people just don't care for tuna but make up your mind as how to handle a situation if you meet Donny Osmond. Brush your teeth 7 times a day and shine like a 21-watt fluorescent light bulb.

CANCER: (June 22-July 22)

Does a loved one poke fun at your belly button? This could be clue to shave certain parts of your toe hair but maybe it's hinting toward a time investment at a health club. Could it be that your life questions may be answerable by a cat? Don't sniff glue. Eat cucumbers for snacks. Beware of persuasive billboards that hint to licking clocks, chairs, or anything else that starts with the letter "C." Romance comes next month in the form of Punky Brewster's pet dog, don't be alarmed.

Dearest Horoscope Readers,

I have foreseen the following occurrences with the aid of Delmontius Augmentus. If they bother you, I urge you to watch the movie "Out of Africa" with the sound off and you will know what true agony is. Until President Bush changes his name to Natalie Hodges I remain your benevolent psychic.

NEVIS INVICTUS



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